Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.

Pist. Ke ve la?

King. A friend.

Pist. Discus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trailes thou the puissant pike?

King. Euen so sir, What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperour.

King. O then thou art better then the King?

Pist. The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.

Pist. A lad of life, an impe of fame:
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kis his durtie shoe: and from my hart strings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?

King. *Harry* le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man:
Art thou of Cornish crew?

King. No sir, I am a Wealchman.

Pist. A Wealchman: knowst thou *Flewellen*?

King. I sir, he is my kinsman.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. I sir.

Pist. Figa for thee then: my name is *Pistoll*.

King. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Pist. *Pistoll* is my name.

Exit Pistoll.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gour. Captaine *Flewellen*.

Flew. In the name of Iesu speake lewer.
It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the aunciene
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.
I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,
You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there:

But

But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies, to be otherwise.

Gour. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all nig

Flew. Godes sollud, if the enemy be an Asse & a Fo
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also a
And a prating cocks-come, in your conscience now?

Gour. Ile speake lower.

Flew. I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gower*.

Exit Gower, and Flewell

Kin. Tho it appeare a little out of fashion,
Yet there's much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?

2. *Soul.* I we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well I thinke the king could wish himselfe
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with h

Kin. Now masters god morrow, what cheare?

3. S. If faith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day ende.

Kin. Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. S. I he may be, for he hath no such cause as we

Kin. Nay say not so, he is a man as we are.
The Violet smels to him as to vs:
Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.

2. *Sol.* But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make
If his cause be not good: when all those soules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And say *I* dyed at such a place. Some swearing:
Some their wiues rawly left:
Some leauing their children poore behind them.